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Reader's Dryjest

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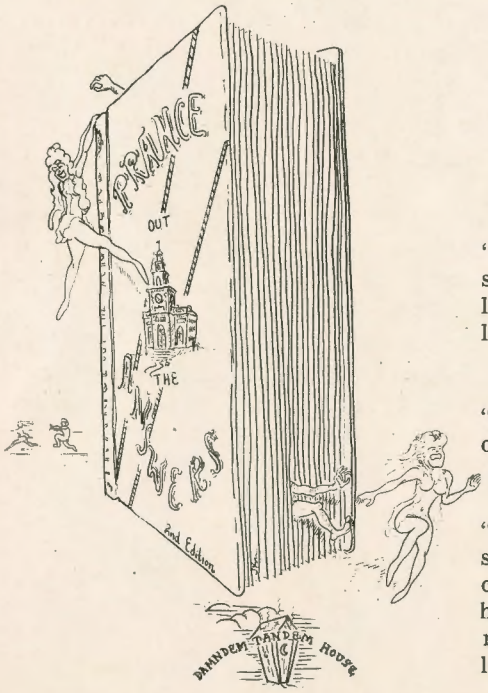

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THE READER'S DRYJEST
Peasantsville, New York, 10069

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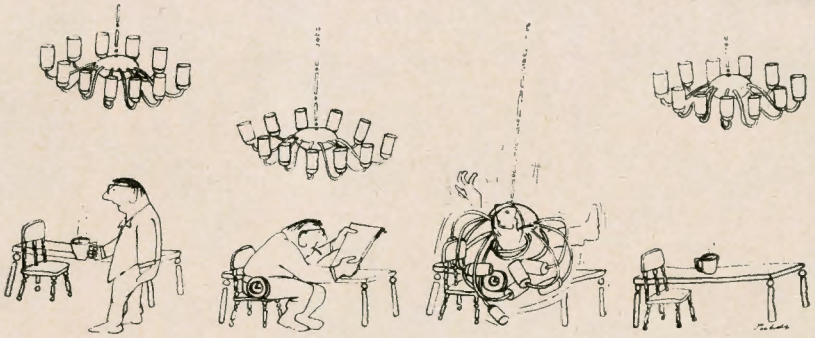

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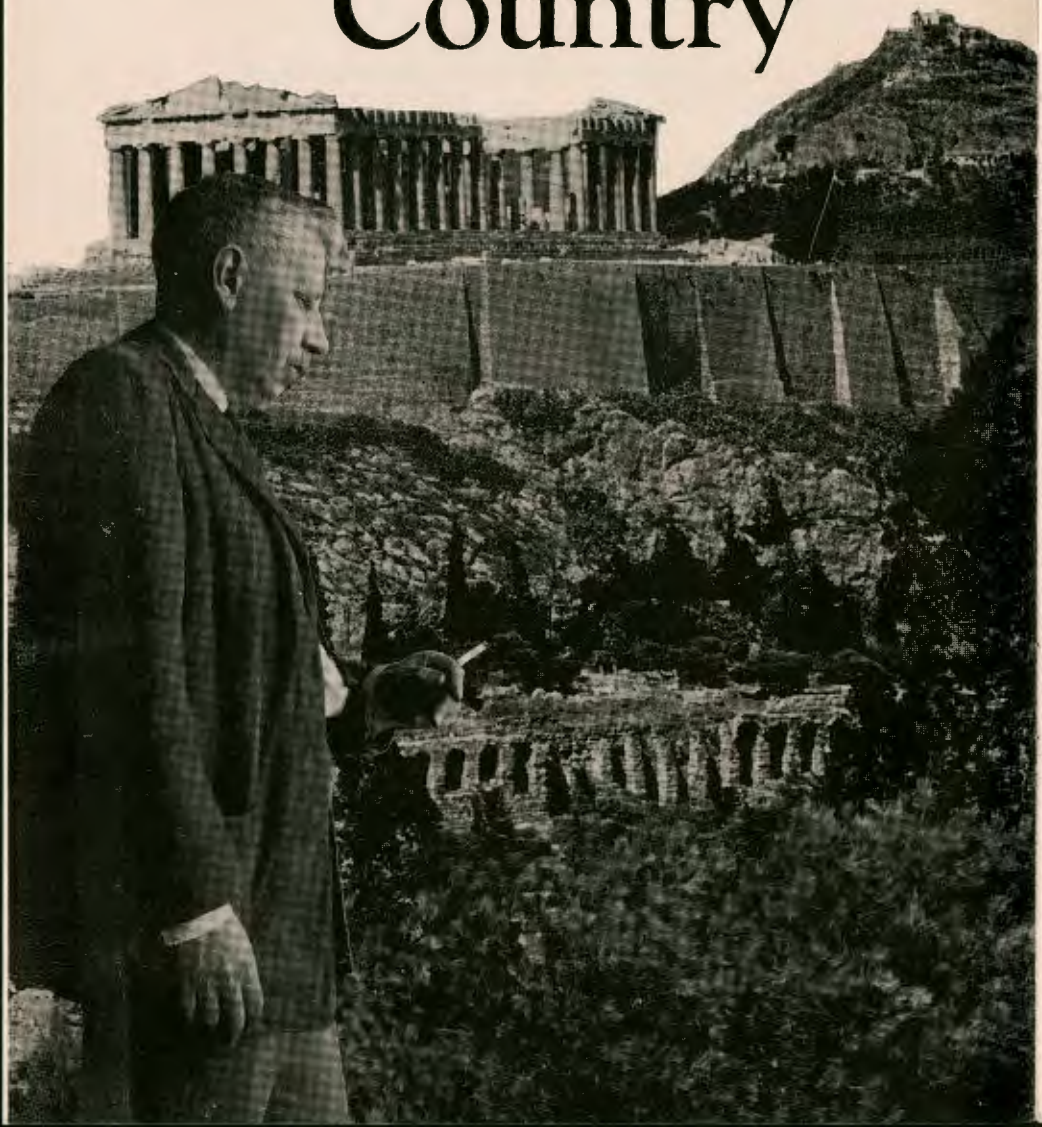


The
Reader's Dryjest

The Most Unfortunate Character I've Met

I can never quite remember the first time I met him. He was wearing a bow tie, I guess, unless he wasn't, and he probably had on a tan sweater, if it wasn't the green one. He smiled, I think.

Not a prepossessing character, I dimly recall thinking. Doesn't really impress me the first time. Nor the second time, either. No, nor even the third.

It was a week later, if I remember correctly, that I saw him again. He had ordered a cup of coffee in the PX and asked me to join him. Eyes shining, he pulled an empty glass beaker out of his coat pocket and poured the coffee into it. I watched him, mildly astounded.

"Want to have some fun?" he asked, eagerly. I sort of nodded. His merry little eyes were dancing and he gave me an impish giggle.

"Let's," he whispered excitedly, "Let's spend the afternoon watching the dregs settle!" I looked at him in awe. He shivered with excitement and sort of sniggered. A small crowd gathered, and quickly dispersed.

Late that afternoon, when they woke me up and told me the PX was closing and I'd have to take my coffee dregs somewhere else, I asked for the name of this strange little man with the sparkling eyes who had danced so lightly into my life. Nobody knew, of course, but

somebody thought he had an office over in the Science Building, and that I could probably follow him by the trail of rocks he always left behind him.

I went outside and looked at the ground. Sure enough, there it was, a big piece of schist right before my eyes. And then a few hunks of graywacke, a little breccia, some granodiorite here or there . . . and before I knew it, I found myself in the Science Building, staring at an office door with the words DR. LIGHTLYGO GOLLY, PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY painted on in a nondescript rock-gray.

Faintly curious, I tapped on the door and opened it a crack.

"Gee," I heard him say. I opened the door a little wider.

"Gee, a visitor." I walked in, took one look, and jumped flat on my face just in time to dodge a rock-pick as it whizzed lethally over my head.

"Oh," said Mr. Golly, cowering behind his desk. "Oh, gee, I'm sorry." He laughed his lively, quavering laugh. "I thought you were Shawn Fatspatrock, come back to get me."

I picked myself off the floor and amiably asked the first question that came to my mind, which was who the hell was Shawn Fatspatrock anyway that you should throw rock-picks at him.

Mr. Golly quivered and beamed. "That's a long story," he mused. He crawled up off the floor and sat back in his chair, propping his P. F. Flamers on the desk top and kicking a boulder of trachyte porphyry onto my foot. Delighted at his little gaffs, I writhed about the floor in gay abandon while he continued to beam at my antics.

"Shawn Fatspatrock," continued Mr. Golly after my cries had died down, "was not interested in rocks."

I could sense the pain in his voice.

"In fact," he continued, "he didn't *like* rocks. And what's more, he didn't like *me* either." He was fondling a hunk of gneiss, and his expression had dimmed, no doubt with sadness. I blinked at him through my tears to let him know I understood.

"Love me, love my rocks!" he blurted out, clasping the gneiss to his chest. "Rocks have so much to tell us, if we would only listen . . . " He stopped short, overcome. "Shawn Fatspatrock didn't listen. He made fun of rocks. The rocks knew it and wouldn't tell him anything. Once during a laboratory, when a rock wouldn't tell him what it was, he pretended the rock was making him choke and cough and go unconscious. I ran in and asked him what was the matter, and he just pointed to the rock and said: "Kryptonite!"

I could practically hear the mocking laughter as it fell on his balding head.

"Yes, they laughed, at me and my rocks. I threw him out of the lab, of course." His face brightened a little. "He flunked."

"Mr. Golly," I asked wonderingly, "how do you explain this – this *hold* you seem to have on your students?"

He smiled at me, his little paternal smile. "Gee," he shrugged modestly. "Gee, I don't know. I guess I just like people." He caressed the gneiss. "Next to rocks." He stretched out in the chair, and one of his P. F. Flamers knocked a hunk of gabbro off the desk-top, which I dodged. His eyes twinkled at me again, and his face was a wreath of smiles.

"You see, son," he mused. "We're all just so many pebbles in the great gravel-pit of life." I looked at him, and at that moment there was a bond between us that I knew could never be broken. "Sit down," he asked me, softly. I sat down, facing him, and he began telling me his feelings about life, and what rocks meant to him.

Later that night, when the janitor woke me up and told me the Science Building was closing and I'd have to go home, I picked myself out of the pebbles and rock fragments and stumbled out the door, pondering this profound little man and his room full of rocks. Would I ever see him again?"

I did, once. Going across campus, he spotted me and, as a friendly gesture, playfully hurled a rock at me.

"Identify it!" he yelled. I picked it out of the back of my head and laughed.

"Gabbro porphyry!" I yelled back and, laughing all the way, ran to the Infirmary.

And that was the last time. I had been invited to come to his class to see his annual nudie slide, "Twin Beauts," as he liked to call it, but somehow I never made it.

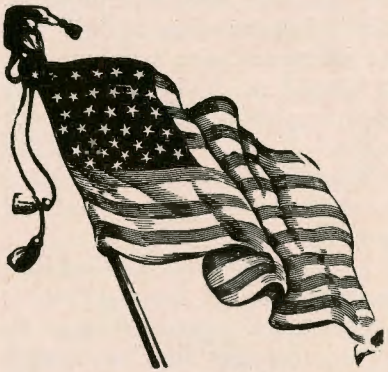
It was a year later that I found out he was no longer with us. My ignorance wasn't surprising, however, since the school itself had not known until two months after his passing when somebody noticed there had been no cut warnings in Geology 11 lately, and that something had to be wrong.

And so it ends. Farewell, Mr. Golly, as you chip away on that great Geosyncline in the Sky. You were not unloved, and you will be not unmissed. All of us are not unsad that you are absent from us now, and we will all probably miss you. For a while, anyway.

To simplify delivery of salt for water softeners, Super. Let'sgetter issued the following instructions: "Salt orders will be accrued during the week and expedited on Saturday."

—Most Memorable Memos

TRIPE IN THESE



UNITED STATES

Once, when my husband was fishing in Manitoba with a member of the Cornell hockey team, he dropped his wedding ring into a stream where it was quickly swallowed by a smallmouth bass. Several years later, when we moved from our native California to New York, we were forced to leave our pet dachshund, Fang, behind us. Well, you can imagine our surprise when, a few months after we had arrived in New York, who should appear on our doorstep but Fang! Actually, it was our neighbor's dog who looked like Fang, but he certainly had us fooled!

We never did find the goddam wedding ring.

—Mrs. Norman Farquahar
(Levittown, N.Y.)

The most fascinating character I ever met was my college science professor. He was an excellent instructor in the techniques of experimenting on rats but he had one penchant which always puzzled me and my fellow science majors: he always preferred to use exclusively pure white rats. Even though other types might be equal to or better than the white type, he stoutly refused to use any rat with a gray coat, long fur, or a big nose. Once he requested a medical laboratory to send 10 rats right away for an important experiment. The laboratory replied that there were only 9 pure white rats available, but that a rat with long black hair and a beaked nose was of high enough quality to be used. Never at a loss for the right thing to do, the professor prevented the black rat from being sent to the school. When I asked him about the tenth rat, he explained, fingering his mohair laboratory smock. "Don't get me wrong —some of my best friends are black rats. But if that rat had a sincere desire to go to a school, he would have been born a pink-eyed, narrow-minded albino.

—Hezikah Braxstein, Mitzvah Univ.
(Salt Lake City, Utah)

I have a tendency to be moody and overbearing, but my husband must be the best-liked person in the whole world. He knows just everyone, and everyone seems to know him. He's so wonderfully modest that he doesn't realize it, but everywhere he goes people flash gestures at him to show how much they think of him. Finally, exasperated, I exclaimed, "How can you be so outgoing and friendly!" Swelling with

pride, he answered, "Because, I know whenever I step into a room, I am better than anyone else."

—Mrs. S. W. Righteous
(Chapel Hill, N.Y.)

I am a professor of government at a small upstate college. One day I was delivering, in my usually clear and lucid manner, a lecture on the difficulty of defining the term 'definition.' Clearly and forthrightly I made the point that, "The socio-economic package, with its tendency toward democratic despotism or, on the other hand, a well-centralized anarchy, seems to me, although I wouldn't want to be pinned down on this validity-judgment, a general religio - demographic realignment of the hard to define principles of God, Mother, and the American Can Company." Suddenly one of my students piped up cheerfully, "Speak English, Chromedome!" (I favor the wide part style of haircut.) The class would have been entirely lost had not my colleague, Exeter Bullfinch Chanting, stopped applying the silver-grey magic marker to his hair long enough to observe caustically, "Hahahahahah. Ha. So there."

—Lyndon B. Stonewell, Chichee U.
(Twin Buttes, Mont.)

Each once in a while the *Atlantic Bunchly* invites young poets to submit their work for publication. José Maricón wrote this:

She buys me lunch and dinner,
A rich and lovely winner.
I dream of her nightly,
My lunchbox Aphrodite.

Sprinkle Quickly!

"Delightful," cooed Miss Edith Outte, Harpie of the Month, at our recent inaugural Sprinkler ceremonies. When things get hot, we'll cool you off.

CARNEGIE SPRINKLERS, INC.

Me 'n Winnie

By Luce Bush

Condensed from
THE PHOO REVIEW

Once upon a time, a very, very long time ago, Winnie - the - Phoo lived in a cave all by himself under the name of NAED EHT FO ECIFFO.

"What does 'under the name of' mean?" asked Christopher Bluebird.

"It means that he had the name on top of his door in big letters," said. I.

And in an old, hollow tree-stump nearby, under the name of ZTREW, lived an old ass called Eeysore. Eeysore was a rather small ass, but when he brayed every animal in the forest listened carefully. Some of them even called back with their own interesting animal sounds, but only if they could quickly hide in the trees around the main meeting grove. There were hundreds of animals living in the forest, but not a human being for miles around. And all the animals were boy-animals, except for a few who were sort-of-boy-animals, and a few others who were girl-animals, but nobody noticed the difference anyway.

One beautiful night, Winnie-the-Phoo was working very late in his little cave. *Now you and I know that Winnie is a Bear of Little Brain, but this did not stop him from doing very many Important Duties.* Tonight, his Important Duties were Stamping Papers, Sorting Papers, and Sending Papers to all the other animals in the forest. Only tonight Winnie - the - Phoo didn't really want to do any more Important Duties for it was a beautiful night. "Oh fuss!" said Phoo and looked up, "The moon and stars are out tonight for the first time this year." "Oh bother!" said Phoo and looked down, "There's less than four feet of slush

on the ground for the first time this year." "Oh fuss and bother!" said Phoo as he put away his papers, put away his stamp, put away his stamp pad, and put away the rest of his bottle of cheap Gallo wine.

Then Phoo Bear stadgled over to the hollow trees where Eeysore the Ass lived.

"What's 'stadgled'?" asked Christopher Bluebird.

"Well, it's sore of a stagger and a waddle," said I, "and only Phoo Bear can do it."

Anyway, once Winnie-the-Phoo reached Eeysore's hollow tree, he heard Eeysore's voice from deep inside the tree saying, "Well, Phoo Bear, I suppose you have come over to ask me to take a walk with you to look at the moon and stars?"

"How did you know that?" asked a very surprised Phoo

"I know everything in the forest as soon as it happens," replied Eeysore. "But you might as well come in for a minute before we start out. I have to get this lollipop twisted into the plaster before we go."

Phoo Bear looked around and saw a whole line of lollipops with their sticks stuck in the wall. "What's that for?" asked a very, very surprised Phoo Bear.

"Uumph!" said Eeysore as he twisted the lollipop stick into the plaster. "It's simple, really. Every time I find out something that's just happened in the forest, I screw another sucker to the wall. And now I suppose you want to have some Reason to leave your Important Duties."

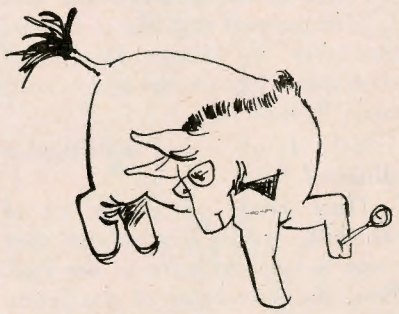
"You knew that too," said Phoo Bear.

"Well, we could form a club that meets on . . . what night is it tonight, Phoo?"

"Friday," said Phoo.

"That meets on Friday nights," said Eeysore, "and we could call it the Phoo-Eeysore Astronomy Club."

"I'm just a Bear of Little Brain," said Phoo, "and I don't understand big words."



"Well then," answered Eeysore, "we'll just have to call it the BEAR-ASS MOON WATCHING CLUB."

"Yes," said Phoo, "That sounds nice." So they went out into the beautiful night. But just as they got out the door, Phoo remembered something important.

"Just a minute," said Winnie-the-Phoo. "I can't really go moon watching without a basket."

"Oh, come on," said Eeysore.

"What do you need a basket for tonight?"

"I'll be right back," said Phoo. "I just want to pack a little basket, just a fair-sized little basket, well, an ordinary biggish basket, full of Booze!"

"Hurry up, Phoo," said Eeysore, "You don't have to bring your own stuff, we can watch the moon by walking down the hill, where the Houses are having parties. In fact, that's the best place to moon-watch."

"But animals don't live in houses," said Christopher Bluebird, "so there can't be any houses in the forest!"

"Their houses are different," said I. "The animals that like to pretend that they are human beings call their rotten tree stumps and mouldy caves 'Houses'."

"Oh, I see," said Christopher Bluebird.

They started out at the top of the hill, so the first house they came to was the home of the Pack Rats, the scavengers of the forest. Every once in a while they would leave the forest, gnaw their way into a human being's store, and drag off lots of interesting things. As Phoo walked into their cave, he tripped over a motorcycle into a pile of tools and machinery.

"Oh fuss!" said Phoo as he staggered over a few pairs of bodies lying on the floor. He picked himself up and then waddled to the bar and tossed down a drink or two saying, "Well, I came here to have a Little Drinky, and I've had a Little Drinky, so let's go."

"All right," said Eeysore, "I've come here to Gather Information, and I've Gathered Information, so I'm ready too."

So Phoo Bear happily rolled down the hill until he rolled right smack into the side of the rotten tree called The Lodge, where the president of the Animals' Council lived. Soon, Eeysore caught up to Phoo, who was thoughtfully rubbing his nose.

"Do you think," asked Phoo, "Do you think they might have a Cure in here for my Very Great Injury?"

"Of course they do, Phoo," said Eeysore. So, while Winnie-the-Phoo drank two or three Cures for his Very Great Injury, Eeysore talked with the head of the Animals' Council, who was his very, very good friend. By the time the head of the Animals' Council had informed on all his friends and had received a fist of lollypops, Phoo Bear had stumbled out Very Well Cured, so they said goodbye and slid on down to The Roost where all the wild turkeys lived. The turkeys were running around and gobbling loudly, but Phoo didn't care, for there was almost a foot of Beer covering the floor. Phoo Bear loved to wallow in Beer, so he sloshed across the floor, swam back, and licked his paws with a happy smile plastered on his face.

"I think we'd better go," said Eeysore.

"S'alright," said Phoo. So they played leap-frog down to the bottom of the hill, where the Phoons lived.

"What's a Phoon?" asked Christopher Bluebird.

"Nobody really knows," said I, "because nobody has ever seen one. They hibernate in their House all winter, from September until June. But Winnie-the-Phoo went in for a while.

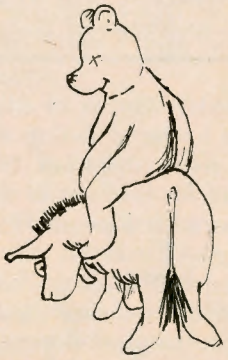
By this time, Winnie and Eeysore had reached the bottom of the hill, and there was nothing much left for them to do but come back up the other side. But Winnie was not in a very good condition to climb back up the hill, so Eeysore offered to carry him up on his back. However, Phoo Bear thought that he really did need some Fortification for the Arduous Climb, so he stopped in at Weenie Hall, across from the Phoons. This was where the Rabbits lived. They lived in a lopsided House, because their Left Wing had become rotten and they burnt it off. After Phoo got himself Thoroughly Fortified, they started up the hill.

"Did they ever get back up?" asked Christopher Bluebird.

"Yes they did," said I, and Winnie-the-Phoo went home to his little bed and had a very, very good sleep. And that is what you are going to do right now."

"Goodnight," said Christopher Bluebird.

"Goodnight," said I.



My Favorite Spoolyisms

On the writings of John Maynard Keynes: "What was it all about? Well, I don't really know what it was all about. You see, economists don't write very well."

—Lecture on "The Great Depression"

On Andrew Carnegie: "He had a great deal of investments in steel, but he never saw a blast furnace until he died (heh-heh)."

—Lecture on "The Great Depression"

"There is a growing tendency now among historians to look back at the past."

—Lecture on "Wars for Empire"

The Sterile Dildoo

By Wood N. Nickles

Occasionally we find a first novel so raw, so powerful, so massive, so shocking, that we would never dream of reading it. It has happened again this month, and we are proud to present this effort by a sensitive young man whose far-reaching talent lies in exploring the rough undersides of college students.

A few days ago, as an alternative to either loving or hating a girl, I wrote a novel about her. She was great stuff for that sort of thing, if you know what I mean. Her name was Piggie. I met her in a little bus station in Nebraska, while I was sitting in the restroom flicking paperwads at the towel dispenser. She came along and, "Boy," she said, "you're stupid."

I didn't say anything.

"Also, you can't read," she said.

I didn't want to let anything drop, so I just kept quiet. She started telling me about her family and her childhood and her father who went berserk and smashed a washing machine, also her uncle who used to wear funny looking egg-colored ties and raised hippopotamuses. Afterwards we both got back on the bus and she kept chattering to me. For instance, she turned around in her seat and said, "I bet right now you're thinking about having sexual intercourse with me."

Boy, did she overdo it! I mean, after all, hearing a girl say "intercourse" just like that. Most girls I know don't say that. Usually it's shorter. You see, I go to a small upstate - New - York - three - story - chapel - on - top - of - a - hill type college.

After we got off the bus I didn't see her for awhile, until I saw her picture in a freshman funnybook for a nearby dingy - isolated - campus - above - a - lake type girl's school.

"Hey," I said, "that's Piggie."

"You can say that again," said my friend Grutch.

Grutch was O.K. except that he smelled. Freshman year he lost three fingers in his gym locker, but he could speak good German so he played on the hockey team. So Grutch and I borrowed a dump truck from the college and tooled down to see old Piggie.

We arrived in the early morning and started winning friends right away by backing the dump truck up and unloading a big pile of cinder blocks through the living room window of the dorm. We were sophomores. Piggie came downstairs in her mint-green half slip and started yelling at us.

"You trunk of humours," she said, "you bolting-hutch of beastliness, you swollen parcel of dropsies, you huge bombard of sack, you stuffed cloak-bag of guts." She talked like that.

Anyway we went for a picnic that afternoon; we drank a lot of beer and threw the bottles out into the roadway, and then Piggie and I took a walk. The fields were green and the lake was blue. I thought about the peacefully chewing cows and that got me to thinking about Piggie.

"Piggie," I said, "look at the lake quietly meandering into the distant river mouth, with its shining silver. Suppose we two were nothing but tiny specks of wood floating gently on the cool, whispering current. We would drift on and on until the mouth of the dark and somber sea would at last claim us for its own and, as in a dream, buoy us up on the surface of the destructive element."

"Jesus, you're phony," she said.

And that's how it happened. I knew then that I'd write a novel about her.

Grutch was worried about me because I stopped drinking so much after that. But Piggie was all that counted. I went to see her; we used to eat Three Musketeers bars together in the bus station. Once I remember I bought her six Almond Joys in a row when we played miniature golf. She really put those Almond Joys away, good old Piggie.

Finally we decided to, well, you know how it is, I mean . . . It was a winter houseparty. We couldn't steal a college truck to get to the motel, so I pitched my sleeping bag under a tree. It was a frosty night. Piggy undressed in the streaming moonlight. She started doing knee bends to keep warm, and soon she worked up to jumping-jacks.

"Mademoisellefromarmentiersparlezvous," she whispered.

"Get into the bag," I said.

She did. But I had to get in head first to find the clorox bottle full of boiler-makers that I had mixed up beforehand. We both had to drink from the jug, so we passed it up and down between us. She started to giggle. Believe me, there's nothing tickles more than pushing a clorox bottle back and forth in a

sleeping bag. After awhile we gave it up and went to a motel the next day.

Our love affair continued. That spring vacation Piggie decided to stay with me in the fraternity house while I did some work.

In the mornings, Piggie complained she couldn't sleep because of the hammering outside. Workmen were laying new slates on the chapel roof. One day she found a .22 rifle in a closet and determined to stay up for revenge. Blood came into her eye as the day dawned; tiny black figures began to move on the roof of the chapel. Calmly she took aim and fired, but missed. Tiny black figures scuttled about madly on the roof. She took aim again like a hardened big game hunter and pulled the trigger. A tiny black figure dropped from the roof. Things just weren't the same after that.

No, the good times were over, and besides that my manuscript was nearly finished. Piggie and I agreed to meet in Utica to have one last fling together. We walked down Genesee Street in the calm June evening, listening to the bustle of people and watching the lights of the never-sleeping city. We had dressed in our hotel room; we went out to dinner at an intimate downtown cafe and finished the evening off with coffee at the White Tower. We drank too much there. We staggered back up the street, took a wrong turn, and found ourselves in the City Hall parking lot. Piggie watched the traffic on the arterial for a while, on a drunken whim, then we went back to the hotel.

She undressed and told me to get the jar of Saniflush from the bathroom. I knew what she meant. I poured us both a dose in tumblers and watched the stuff fizz up like Alka-Seltzer. So, this was the end.

But Piggie had fallen asleep. I didn't know what to do, so I poured the whole mess back into the john. If that thing ever plugs up they needn't call on me. I fell asleep myself in the shower stall; when I woke in the morning she was gone, gone forever, leaving only this note:

The sterilized dildo,
Or is it an elbow,
Can all to hell go.
(Piggie)

My novel is just about finished now in its third draft. The manuscript has gone out to two publishers now, and I have received lots of good comments on it from them. I figure that the standard royalty besides the advance I have from the publisher who finally accepted it will let me go to Spain this summer. I want to thank you all for reading it and for buying the edition at full price; paperbacks may come out if it appears to be profitable. And remember, it's all eternally for Piggie. Except I think she committed suicide.

There is no Anis office at Hamilton. But we're working on it.

We found a nice spot in the middle of the main quadrangle, between Kirkland and the Chapel. Now we just need the go-ahead from the Office of Planning and Development.

And about time. We're almost everywhere else.

If we ever get the right papers, we'll gladly rent you a new Ford. Or a Chevrolet station wagon with two flashing blue lights. Or a little blue truck.

With empty ashtrays. A full gas tank. A parking sticker. And a bicycle to ride back from where you'll have to park it.

We've been doing this sort of thing for years.

That's why we're only second best.

ESKEWER

SAFETY 1st — The 1965 Safety Award has been presented to Hamcol Dean Winnie the Phoo by fireman Eeysore Worrymore of the Hamcol Sometimes Fire Dept. for completing a second consecutive year without setting anything afire.

ALUMNI GOLD STAR — To Ex-Senator Barry Goldfinger (Ham. '61), who carried the ideals of Hamilton to new heights in 1964. He still shines forth as a blazing example of just what a Hamilton diploma is worth today.

PROMOTED — Abelovely's has promoted former professor Warren Write to head of the College Lenin (Lennon?) Supply.

ROOKIE — Rookie-of-the-Year to R. Diddly Shellfish.

Mother—Mother of-the-Year by a landslide (unopposed), Nurse Abigail Fan Belt.

WHY IS THIS MAN LAUGHING?

AWARDS - 1965

CONGRATS — Attractive Sarah Smudgepot, who spoke directy to the student body about planned parenthood, reports that she was "tickled pink" by her reception at the DKE house. Sarah reports that the DKE's have a very good conception of what planned parenthood is all about.

OUT TO LUNCH — Part-time Congressman Adamn Peyton Growl was voted "Out to Lunch" by his colleagues. When sought for a comment on the vote, Growl was not to be found.

AUSTIN BRIGGS AESTHETIC APPRECIATION AWARD — To the Bristol Center, an attractive alternative to a monotonous pastoral view. 2ndPLACE — To Huntington Hartford for providing an appropriate entrance for anyone wishing to give the entire city of NY an enema.

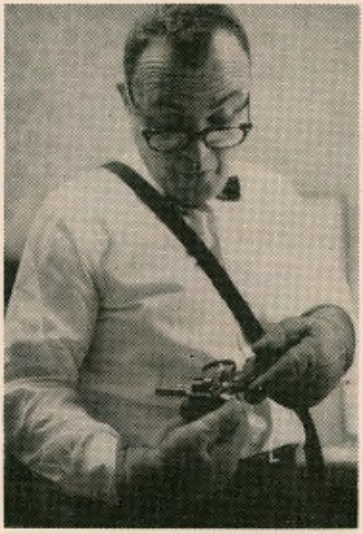
THANKS—To Cherry Dingleman for creating a vivid campus image of the Hamcol student which will certainly prove invaluable to many underclassmen.

It Pays to Increace Your Word Power

1. **Bristol** (Bres thol) — A: a stone and steel job. B: Stone steal job. C: early Minoan style. D: an erection.
2. **wertimer** (vert a mer) — A: a punny fellow. B: to answer fire alarms at 3 a.m. C: a word to the wise. D: anglicization of "verrue de la mere."
3. **bird-dog** (bird-dogg) — A: a four-legged creature used in retrieving game. B: a two-legged creature that hunts out but does not return game. C: a drink made with Bacardi and English Leather. D: Patches.
4. **chuck** (chuck) — A: a name which is rather obscene when used in the "name-game." B: reverse peristaltic action. C: to throw. D: to toss cookies.
5. **ethel** ($thel) — A: swamp gas. B: philanthropist. C: sterile cuckoo. D: chuck.
6. **five-six** (5-6) — A: curfew at Bennington. B: Cazenovia I.Q. C: dog-student ratio at Hamilton. D: Moxie et al.
7. **spectator** (spek taa tour) — A: an athletic supporter. B: a campus organ for expressing pent-up feelings. C: a non-fraternity man. D: a student.
8. **choir** (qhier) — A: a traveling fraternity. B: a group organized to accompany an organ. C: a group forced to sit at the rear of the chapel.
9. **honor** (on-her) — A: gentlemanly conduct. B: attending a party at which there are only three persons, two of whom are not of the same sex, and squealing. C: he for whom a word is sufficient. D: a superior position.
10. **letzelter** (let us zelt her) — A: a campus tool. B: swamp gas. C: to chain off. D: Schweppes.
11. **WHCL** (whikl') — A: nocturnal emission. B: Wertimer's Help Call Letters. C: more than a trickle and less than a whackle.
12. **belt** (belt) — A: the white goddess. B: safety. C: 98.6 or Fight!
13. **embryo** (em bri o) — A: god of Running Stump. B: the Monroe Doctrine. C: an Edwardian fixture. D: man from MOTHER.
14. **happiness** (ha pee ness) — A: her hairdresser doesn't know for sure. B: a non-compulsory gathering. C: finding someone who has actually heard of Hamilton. D: finding your roommate gone on a house-party week-end.

The End of 006.9?

By Ian Phlegm



Sidney Bond reluctantly rolled away from Marilyn Moreass as she lay quietly beside him and picked up the telephone. "Bond here," he grunted.

"006.9? 'Relax' here. A new assignment has come in that might interest you. Top-priority rush. Be down here in an hour," wheezzed Relax tubercularly. Before Bond could protest, Relax had hung up. Scowling over the rims of his fogged glasses, Bond eased out of bed, patted Moreass gently, and poured himself a shot of Jack Daniels. As the liquor burned its way down his throat, Bond put on his Sulka bow tie, straightened his chamois shoulder holster, tenderly caressing the Beretta 25 as he did, and went out the door humming *Carmina Burana / Cantiones Profanae.*

Twenty minutes later, Bond walked into Relax's outer office, gently bussed Miss Pennypussy in a viciously tender, masculine way, and trod into Relax's inner office without a word.

"You're late," gasped Relax, as he heard Bond barge into his smoke-ladened office.

"I . . . " replied Bond, sinking into a chair.

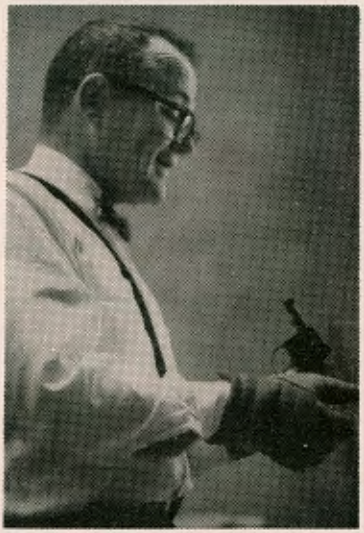
"Hrumph," wheezed Relax, crushing out his cigarette. He slid a dossier across the desk. "Your new assignment," he coughed as Bond leafed through the dossier. "Man called Dr. Straingelong . . . know anything about him, .006.9?"

" . . . Tied up with the Athenian ancient artifact smuggling and counterfeiting ring after the last war, but we could never pin anything on him before he dropped out of sight fifteen years ago."

"Twelve," gagged Relax. "You may be interested to know, I expect, that he now is the head of a

secret subversive organization, a successor to STOMP. Operates under the code name 'Diogenes the Mole' out of a perfectly respectable small college atop a hill in the Northeastern United States. Masquerades as a mild-mannered and harmless classicist."

"The cunning . . . " gasped Bond in awe. "Little hill . . . mmm . . . the ultimate ivory tower, a veritable Dante's Mount of Joy, Canto I, line 15, I suppose."



Relax scowled and grunted. "His plans, as far as we can see, are to take over the U.S. and convert it into a mass of Greek-speaking City States on the Aristotelian model."

"Oh, the *polis,*" said Bond, lighting a Turkish he had taken out of his type-metal cigarette case.

Relax scowled again. "This is your chance to get your extra 1/10 of a point if you capture Straingelong . . .and you know what that extra 1/10 of a point could mean. 006.9, this is your last chance. If your're not successful on this mission, you'll be on your third pro: finished."

"Of course, Relax, I understand. But when I bring Straingelong in, I will finally get real live bullets to put in my .25 caliber Berreta, and I can finally *kill, kill, kill.*"

"My boy Sidney," said Relax proudly as Bond broke into an evil grin. "Here are the plane tickets. Check Q section for your kit."

With fiendish cunning but with truth and morality ever in mind, 006.9 parachuted down by the barren, wind - swept, snow - covered, frigid wasteland of a hill early on a Tuesday evening, having been guided there by a shaft of light piercing the gloom that pervaded the area. Because of a slight malfunction in his IBM pocket computer (Model 1812), Bond's impact point before a white-columned building had been miscalculated, and, instead of ending up there, he landed on the Main Quadrangle, in a partially filled fountain. "Damn!" he hissed to himself, as he splashed about, swallowing several mouthfuls of water.

And suddenly, dropping his glasses to the end of his nose, he hissed, "Ah, ha! Straingelong is smarter than I thought." Now, Bond understood completely what

Straingelong's diabolic plot entailed. What Bond had assumed merely to be 78.6 per-cent hard water was actually water tainted with a rare Greek aphrodisiac, first used in the ancient fertility rites of the Bacchae. It was all clear: by means of this powerful chemical, Dr. Straingelong planned to turn an apathetic, highly frustrated student body into a wild-eyed mass of raving sex fiends with superhuman strength and unquenchable lust. In the attendant confusion, as the surrounding countryside was laid waste, he would rise to the presidency of the college; the first step in his master plan to become Hegemon of the United States.

Bond stepped from the fountain. He cautiously slipped off his jump-diving suit, gathered up his parachute and stole over into the shadows of a large, three-storied chapel. As he stowed his parachute, lit a cigarette and checked to see if anyone had seen him, he mused a moment. "Philip Hooker, 1827," he said, half aloud, and smiled to himself.

No one had seen him. Here was his chance! Bond crouched against the dolomite wall and surveyed the lighted window in the building at the south end of the Quadrangle. There was Straingelong's office. Bond started striding towards the light, and suddenly stopped — a number was running through his mind: "Ummmmm, 853-5511 — Connie Lingus — blonde, buxom . . . voluptuous . . . why not?" Hell: Straingelong would be there tomorrow morning at 8:00 Ante-Meredian. He's never late. On his way down to Connie Lingus', Bond stopped by the fountain for another drink of the fountain water.

It was precisely 7:30 Wednesday morning when he awoke. He sprang out of bed and smiled as he put his bow tie on over his custom-tailored shirt with the frayed collar. The bow tie and the collar brought out the best in him. He kissed his own reflection and then took a long swig of Dom Perignon '48 from his type-metal hip flask. As he let the Dom Perignon sear its way into his stomach ("A bit young yet," thought Bond. "I should have stuck with the '38.") He looked longingly at the shapely form sleeping peacefully on the bed. "Bitch," he snarled lovingly, cutting another notch in his little black book. "E lascia pur grattar, dov'e la rogna."

By 7:50, he was driving up the hill in his blue Aston Martin DB 5 disguised as a '63 Chevy station wagon, with two blinking blue lights. Bond delighted in the pure animal, sensual pleasure of the shifts he had to throw on the hill. He felt a pang of regret when he had to park the machine, but duty called. Hissing "good girl," he patted the machine on the hood and straightened his bow tie. With fiery determination, he strode toward Strainge-

long's office, victory and the 1/10 of a point now so close . . . only to trip suddenly over a yellow chain half-hidden in the snow. Bond struggled to his feet, peered over the rim of his glasses and cursed half-aloud. He entered the building and climbed the stairs three at a time. He stopped, composed himself, took another swig of Dom Perignon. "Ghastly rotgut," he gasped as it left a charred path behind it along his gullet. He drew his Beretta and knocked on Straingelong's door.

"Open up in the name of the Queen!" No answer. With a shout, Bond kicked open the door and charged in behind a hail of harmless bullets. The room was empty, there was naught but a piece of paper on the floor of the bare office.

Bond picked up the paper, which was dated and, as he read it, knew that he had lost. With a mist clouding his eyes and fogging his glasses, Bond read, "Dear Doctor Straingelong, the Faculty Committee has granted you a leave of absence for one year for advanced study commencing Wednesday at 8:00 a.m. Congratulations."

This month's *Confidential* Prize Selection has been awarded to transfer student, Iggy Osbig from the Continent, who went to a small college and joined a fraternity where he is learning the language.

Well, I don't give a flying fig
'Bout nearly almost anythig.
At school I'm really flying big
With money to buy everythig,
Even own a Honda rig.
I'm out of smoke—you got a cig?
Here's my champagne, have a swig.
We christen everybody Ig
If he looks like he'll make it big.
We're so damn cool we don't need Trig,
We'd never touch a townie pig
(Except if things got awfully big),
Or moon not wearing a tuxig.

DOUBLEDAY ANCHOR BOOKS

HUMOUR IN UNIFORM

A medical report, just in from Fort Bragg, Texas, informs us that last week a gay young private mistook his gun for a phallic symbol and blew himself to Kingdomcome.

* * *

A rough, tough Hamilton graduate was sent out on maneuvers shortly after his induction into the Army. He was a member of the Blue Army, whose objective was to capture a flag which was placed four miles away and which was defended by the Yellow Army. To minimize accidents, the soldiers in the maneuvers were to yell 'Bang, Bang,' instead of firing live or dummy ammunition. A soldier hit by one of these 'Bang, Bangs' was to be considered dead or wounded and was to retire from the battle. With 10,000 men on each side, the generals expected the maneuvers to last a week.

After the whistle was sounded, beginning the dummy 'war,' our new recruit began walking straight down the dirt road which led to the objective. Amazed troops of the Yellow Army shouted loudly, 'Bang, Bang, but their shouts were to no avail. The recruit did not fall in the dust, or limp away wounded. He walked through four miles of 'Bang, Bang' and grabbed the enemy's flag. At this point several harried generals came puffing up.

"What in hell have you been doing, boy?" they shouted. "Didn't you hear all those 'Bangs?' Why you've been dead long ago!" Met by silence from the recruit, one general ranted, "What in hell's name are you trying to pull? Don't you know you're dead, damn it?"

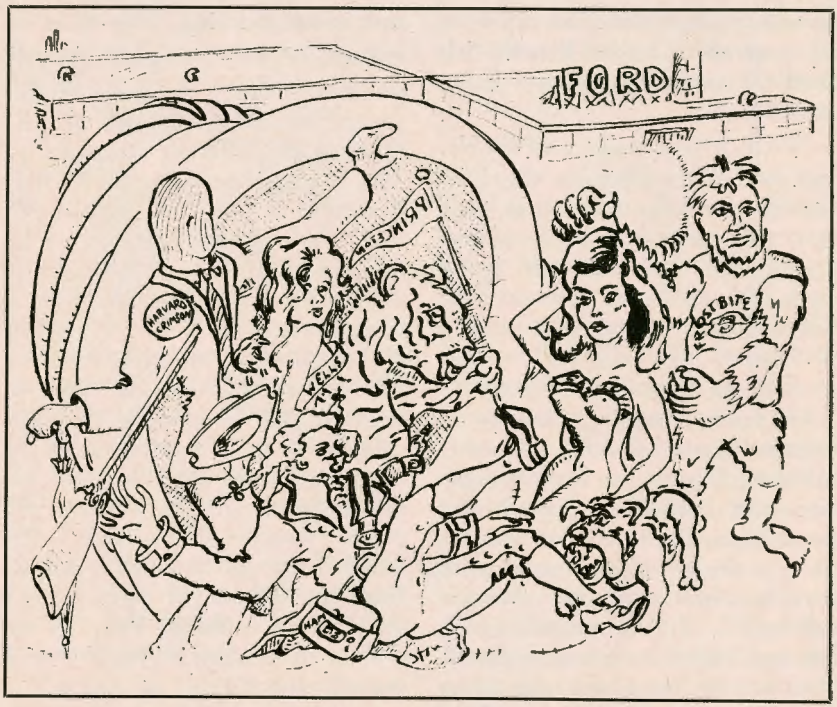
To all of which the recruit calmly replied, "Rumble, rumble, I'm a tank."

* * *

The office of the Marine Commander released some interesting figures on decorations yesterday. The greatest concentration of decorations was awarded to the Ranger 1 Marines, the Marines who nightly take dangerous patrol duty as MP's along Saigon's famed 'Madame Mink Strip.' The release said that every Marine assigned to MP duty at the Bienhoa base returned home with a bronze fig-leaf cluster and silver stars.

* * *

A young Rhode Island officer, unversed in the ways of the South, was met at and chauffeured from the Atlanta Airport by a hard-core Southern sergeant. On the way from the airport, a negro taxi driver pulled out in front of the army vehicle. "You ought to hit guys like that," the young officer mused nervously. "Yeas suhh!" chortled the southerner as he gleefully yanked the wheel over.



The Real Truth Behind Ford's Aid to Colleges

Condensed from
Plant Management

In line with the growing concern over increased college expenses, we present the following article on how one college has found an admirable solution to the wage-price spiral.

Donald (reminds you of the name game) McRonald sat behind the President's desk at Hamilton College (that's in Clinton, N.Y.) last week immediately following his installation as the college's new president and explained to *Plant Man-*

agement's interviewer the managerial coup which landed him the job (and the necessary honorary B.D., as well):

"Well, it was really very simple. We sold the college to the Ford Foundation. Of course, they were unaware of exactly what they were getting into. And we would rather have sold out to an alumnus. But Clark's bid amounted to only 1/10 of theirs, so we had to sell to them in order to avoid an investigation."

On further inquiry, *Plant Management* learned that the scheme to sell the college to the Ford Foundation was latched by hard-driving fund raiser Burnt Mallet and his slick co-worker Thick Stupor, with an able assist from Madison Avenue-oriented C. M. Notyet Godd. (Mallett and Stupor have been replaced, their services being no longer necessary in view of the resources of the new owners. Godd is still well-ensconced on the campus. No one is quite sure what his services were, let alone whether or not they should be retained.) Actually, the Foundation had no idea that it was buying the place. Informed of the new acquisition, the directors' only comment was a unison *"Where's that?"*

Asked what the purchase would mean to the college, McRonald ventured the following:

"Well this will give us an opportunity to effect some basic managerial changes in billing procedures and cost-accounting. We plan to institute a basic program for all students — along the lines of the general education program at, uh, Harvard, but different substantially. This one basic program, the CORE Course so to speak, will consist primarily of problems encountered in the modern world, especially as they involve the automobile. We have a team working on it now. It's going to be called "The New Driver's Ed." All other courses will be options. It will be possible for each student to tailor his education to his own needs. And he will be billed accordingly. In addition, all paper work will hereafter be handled through requisition forms, from the election of courses right on down to rushing. You can see what a tremendous saving that will make."

Allowing that we could, we went on to talk with the new vice-president, Acch Flatseltzer, who has taken over all of Truax, a building facing the inner quad. He plans to turn the roadway within the inner quad into a proving ground for a number of experimental vehicles put out by the Ford Company, following his remarkable success with portable wind machines for leaf removal and midget tractors for coping with the omnipresent snow. "This is a significant and expeditious move on the part of the Ford organization. We have a ready-made laboratory of the industrial

arts here, and I intend to expedite the thorough employment of our multiplicity of resources . . . uh . . . in the most effications manner of course . . . uh . . . well, you get my meaning, don't you?" Flatseltzer also informed us of his plans to continue his experiments with leatherette interiors by padding the *rest* of the library to match the newly-installed green doors.

Faculty reaction to the purchase was mixed. See-me Worrymore, former associate Dean, now reduced to the position of Special Night-watchman for House Party Weekends, was at first quite upset by the change in ownership. However, when promised a new Ford Station Wagon with *six* blue lights, a loud-speaker, and an interceptor engine, he consented to stay on.

No one in the History Department was available for comment. The department had been moved out of Truax in preparation for the Flatseltzer occupancy. At last report, all of the members of the department were engaged in trying to convince the new president that history is *not* bunk.

Gear-hard Monzas, former director of drama at the college, who was forced to resign because of his name, lamented the conversion of his theatre into a showroom. "That stage was not meant to do much, I'll admit. But the idea of having cars in there is *too* much." Merry Feelus Blendwords, who will assume the directorship of the theatre next year, is ecstatic over the prospect of producing industrial shows on the idea of the now-defunct Motorama.

Future plans for the college include a gradual expansion of the enrollment to 6400 over the next six months and also through the addition of a co-ordinate women's college. Negotiations are now underway with the Grace Downs Air Career School to see if its directors would care to relocate in Root Glen. (It is expected that the addition of the women's college will generate still further expansion.) Little opposition is seen for the proposed co-ordinate college in the glen. Working from past experience the administration of the college has already prepared a fully-documented report proving it to be the only feasible place. And little if any opposition is expected from the entering class of 300 engineering students See-Me Be-nice, admissions director, has been instructed to accept. They will move immediately into the science building and be awarded degrees in four years. "Who needs nice scenery" one of them asked on a recent all-expense paid Sub-Freshman Weekend.

"All in all, with all things considered, all the facts in so to speak, as they say, this is a very nice arrangement for us," concluded President McRonald. And we could not

agree more. With the recent shift of emphasis in college administration away from the academic to the purely business-wise, at Hamilton and elsewhere, (. . . but especially at Hamilton) it would seem that Hamilton has taken advantage of a special situation, caught the crest of a trend, and is, for once at any rate, far ahead of the times.

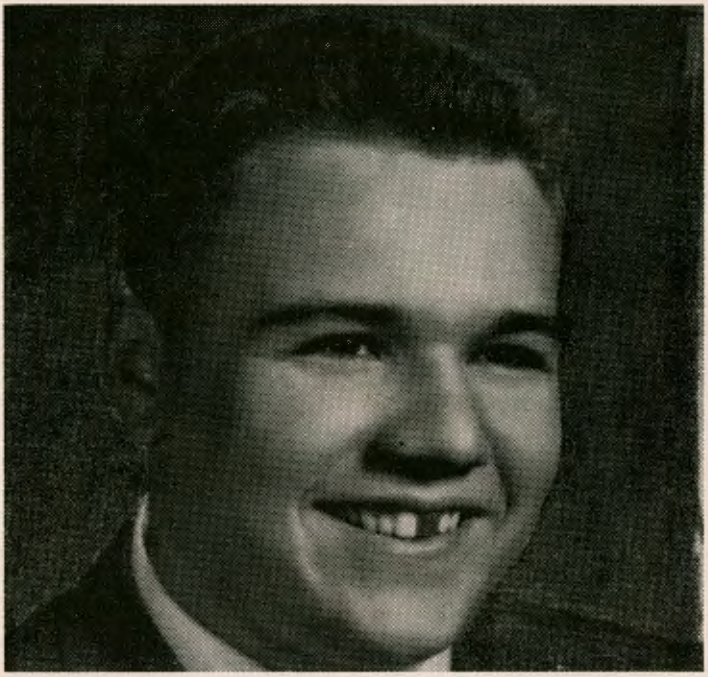
WOULD YOU LIKE REPRINTS?

Readers constantly ask for copies of our articles which they consider exceptionally interesting and/or obscene, in order to pass them on to their dates, parents, and other friends. To facilitate such requests, reprints of the above exceptional article are available, Xeroxed, from the Hamilton College Library, at only $25 per page. Send a requisition form to Alittle Decameron, Director of Library Services and Owner of the Bookstore, Clinton, New York.

Four Steps to the Jeremiah Jiggle

1. And in the Beginning Man is relaxed.
2. In the Second Position man eyes the firmament.
3. In the Third Position man reaches towards the stars.
4. In the Fourth Position man is submitted to his Fate.

—condensed from the "Vatican Observer"



If he can speak fluent Newspeak, why can't you?

He learned it at his mother's knee. Began in the usual way with Makker (mother, of course) and now at five he chatters away on the typewriter like a bird, while Newspeak is Greek to you. Until you go to Yerzitz.

First, Yerzitz lessons are given in private, sound- proof chambers deep in Root Hall. Second, Yerzitz makes use of your adult abilities to editorialize in a completely new language. Without fuss, administrative criticism, and classes to attend. Just lots and lots of editorials.

You may want to write for college newspapers, Looney Tunes, True Romances, or TV Guide. Yerzitz will teach you any language. Now. It's enrollment week: Clinton, Oriskany Falls, Pnom-Penh, Satu-Mare, Bronxville, Bolama, Utica, London School of Economics.

Yerzitz
FOR LANGUAGES

Gullible Meets the Basement People

By Jonathan Swift

Condensed from a manuscript recently discovered in the attic of Mr. Pope's summer cottage at Twickenham.

Having abided at home in London for some three years, and gradually complying with the wishes of my wife and children that they might keep me company (although I had not yet recovered so much from my disgust that I could be convinced by any of my wife's blatantly obvious arguments, devices, and contrivances to *lie* with her), I found my very existence beseiged by one of the most execrable exigencies inflicted upon post-lapserian men: that of needing a certain amount of coin in one's pockets to furnish oneself with the essential commodities of our worthless existence. There was no help for it, therefore, but to go to the shipping office, in order to gain passage as ship's physician on some long voyage, hopefully to the Americas, where one might gain some knowledge of another side of mankind, by viewing the unsophisticated, untaught antics of the noble, untamed savages, who have not yet been tainted by civilization.

[*Gullible procures a position, and takes ship to the Americas, where a violent storm drives the ship up a river to a position deep inland; here the ship sinks, and Gullible is cast ashore.*]

I found myself lying on the rocky margin of a tiny rivulet when I awoke, and over me were standing two of the most filthiest and most utterly rank personages I have ever contemplated, surpassing even the most contemptible of the Yahoos. O! my dear Houynhnms! Why was it ever my sad fate to be forced to leave you! These two *personages* were dripping with sweat, smelt most dreadfully of alcohol, and their clothes (if such torn, shapeless rags may be so euphemistically designated) were covered with a sticky, putrid layer of red paint. I had heard of *Indians* painting themselves in times of war, so I most naturally inquired if they were members of that *noble*

race. They laughed, most mockingly and unmercifully, and said, that in the area adjunct to Oriskany Creek (the small body of water described above) the *Indians* formed only a very small and *shameful* portion of the so-called 'community,' and that they belonged to another race, consisting of a very select group of dear friends, whom they had lovingly christened 'The Basement People.'

I had never heard of this group, but, since I was cold and starving, I asked if they could furnish me with food and lodging for the evening. They acquiesced, although not in an overly gracious manner, and conducted me to their abode, a filthy hovel at the bottom of a hill, just past what I supposed to be the tribal cemetery; in which hovel, it seems, all the members of the Basement People passed their wretched existence. The first thing that struck me as I entered the hovel was the most excessive use of the most pagan, barbaric, abusive, and scurrilous language, most offensive to my ears, as was the blare of several short pieces of *music* indicative of fertility rites (indeed, they told me it was their *Carnival Season*), blasted forth upon several primitive instruments with a most obnoxious and percussive effect.

But I must needs go somewhere, and I must needs eat and sleep, so, like a modern Dante, I allowed my two slovenly Virgils to conduct me deeply within the inner circles of this Bedlam. Having eaten something, I asked them if I might sleep; they said, Yes, but we must go upstairs, and we must be careful to not disturb anybody already there.

My conductors opened the first unlocked door they came to, and O! what do I behold! but a young couple writhing on a bed, and what do I hear! but various and sundry ecstatic groans. I stood entranced. The young man did not notice me, and then he ******* and then the young lady st******** and then they both ****and****. Here, my conductors, telling me it was all a mistake, offered to escore me to another sleeping apartment. My dread, however, was too great, and I declined.

They offered, then, to lead me to the basement (from which their name is derived), and, seeing no other attractive alternative, I accepted. We went down the stairway, muddy and filthy as it was, when what should I behold! TOADS,! far surpassing even the batrachian vision the Greek play-

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*Here, due to the mould which accumulated on the unprotected manuscript, there are several lapses and blanks in the passage. It is very unfortunate, since the author obviously penned this section with strong and devastating satirical intentions.

wright had of Hades. Flailing around in the rank ordure on the floor, garishly illuminated by the multi-colored fires in the room, they all stared derisively at me. Toads! I felt that if I should touch one, my hand must immediately rot. From the drain in the floor, oozed and seeped all manner of excrement and ordure, and the floor abounded in sewer trout. One young, smallish toad approached me, did something to his belt, and immediately divested himself of his lower raimament, to the utmost ostensible consternation and great internal pleasure and amusement of several rather worn and untidy young ladies in the room. (This practise, I was told, was called dropping tr*****). I myself was horrified, and suddenly my clothes were torn off my back by some obnoxious, aggressive toad. I spare my good readers many *loathsome* details. I fled, half-clad, into the night, whither I knew not. Even in my haste and fear, I heard several people say with fear, that they hoped I would not tell the Dean, who is, I suppose, their god. They spoke of him, however, not with love and veneration, but with horror, fear, and dread.

I ran for an hour, and finally lay me down to sleep, horribly shocked and terrified by the above activities: a far cry from the frisky, innocent gambollings I had anticipated in the American natives.

[*Gullible wanders through the forest to Albany, meeting with many strange adventures on the way, where he finds passage back to England.*]

O! my dear wife! my dear children! Houyhnhnms we may not be, but let us raise Hosannas to God Almighty that we are at least far better than the loathsome toads and Basement People. We shall never attain perfection, but let us be everlastingly grateful for what we have and for what we are. Let us forevermore forego all misanthropy. Civilization is best!

FINIS

GO LINDLEY

Some say our **LINDLEY DUMP TRUCK** is a snarling, caustic, ornery truck.

Some say it dumps unexpectedly, often without discrimination. Others complain that it snickers and cackles in low gear.

Yes, we'll agree. Our machine occasionally gets carried away with itself (even backfires gleefully at its own dumps).

But these are mere trivialities compared to the perfection of its automatic overdump mechanism. So that even an egret can operate our **LINDLEY**.

Take a test dump in a **LINDLEY**. Settle back. Enjoy the comfort of commode-ious bucket seats. Rev up the Snickering-Six Mill. Take off with our smooth Flushamatic transmission.

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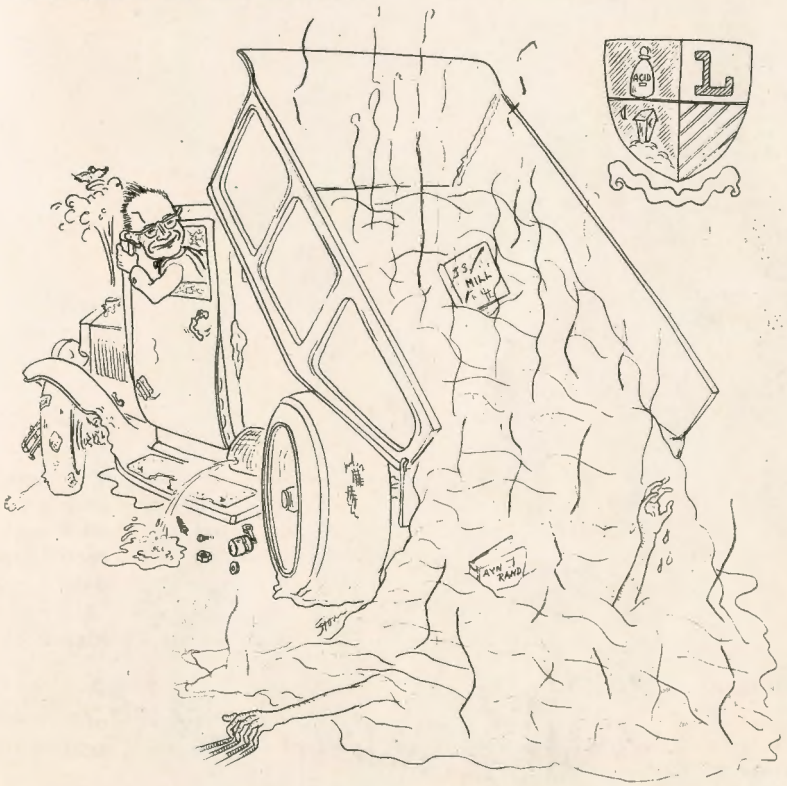
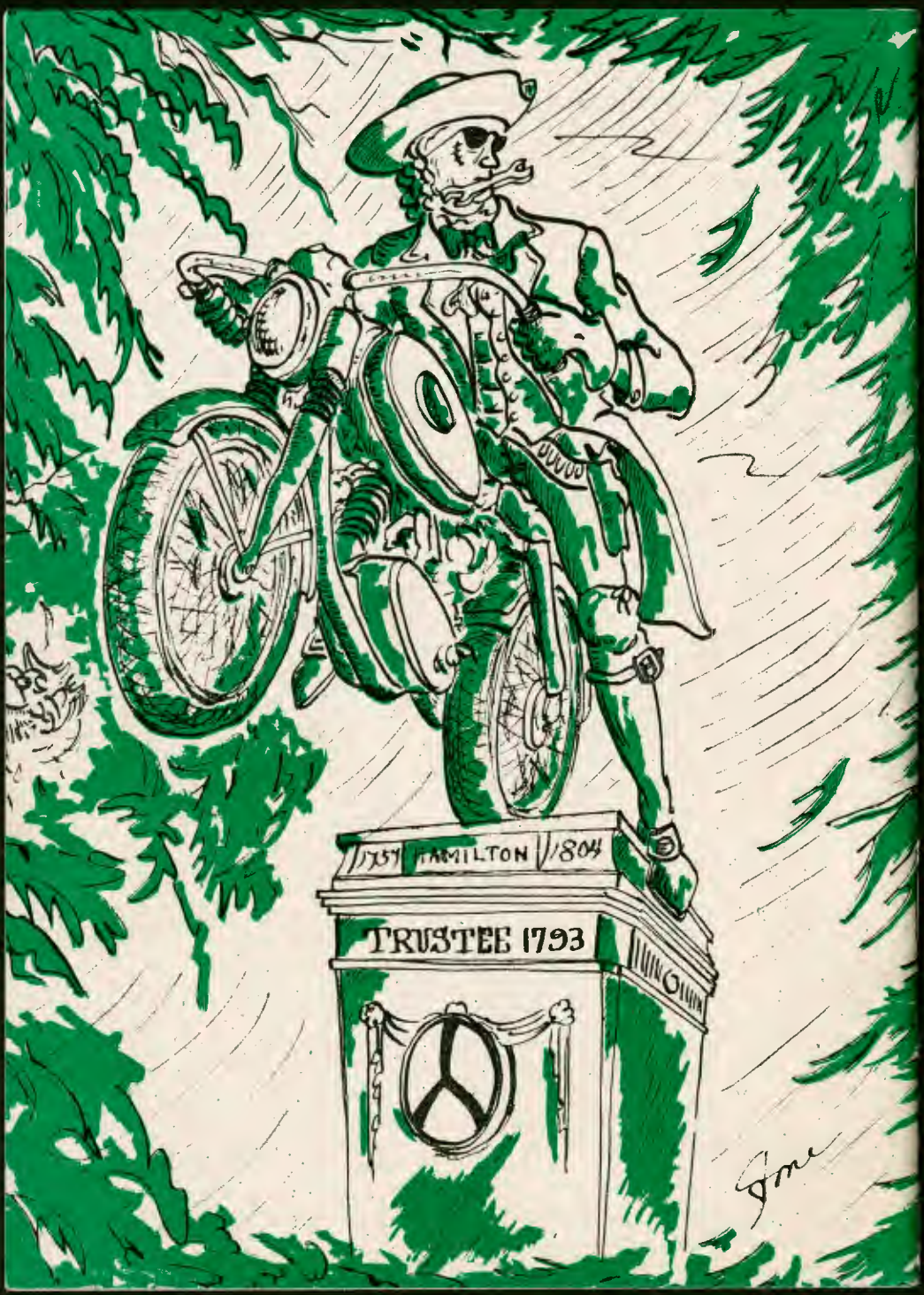


Approved and recommended by the **Hawkeye Haulers, Inc.**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